

Book Theory Blue: or how I learned to stop worrying and love the Blue Beam.



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About Book Theory

Book theory states that your life is a book. Your story is written on the pages, and your story, the good, the bad, the successes and failures are simply the way the story is told. Your life and every treasured moment in it has already been written, and your experience is simply the reading of the book from start to finish. If it has an interesting twist or a good enough ending, it might just become your favorite book.

This is my story, my book. It is a fictional account based on the real-life experiences of my life. FYI, pay close attention because things may not be quite what they seem on the surface.

-Rory Pendleton

Rory Pendleton was a creature of habit, and his mornings always began the same way: with the ritualistic roll of a joint. As the sun kissed the horizon, casting a soft glow through his apartment window, Rory reached for his stash tucked away in a glass jar that read "Purple Kush".

With nimble fingers, he expertly crafted his morning indulgence, the sweet aroma of cannabis filling the air as he went downstairs to smoke his joint. When he returned upstairs, Rory reached for his laptop, eager to see what the world had in store for him today.

His eyes widened as he scanned the headlines, a particular one catching his attention: "Former Military Personnel To Testify About UAPs and UFOs Before Congress." Intrigued, Rory clicked on the link. The video feed loaded, and Rory watched in rapt attention as one by one, ex-military officials told the reporter their stories, their voices solemn as they recounted their experiences with unidentified phenomena. They spoke of strange craft operating in ways that defy the laws of physics, of encounters that defied

explanation, and crashed discs, non-human biologics and an interdimensional aspect to the phenomena.

As Rory listened, a thrill of excitement coursed through him. For years, he had been fascinated by the paranormal, delving into conspiracy theories and unexplained phenomena. But this was different. This was real people, tangible evidence, to be presented before the highest authority in the United States of America.

With newfound determination, Rory plunged deeper into the world of UFO research. He scoured the internet for information, piecing together fragments of testimony and leaked documents. And as he did, a pattern began to emerge, one that hinted at a truth far stranger than anything he could have imagined. The dots had begun to connect like never before.

Rory stayed awake til late in the night learning about the stories told of UFOs hovering over military installations with nuclear capability and how they would shoot beams down to deactivate nuclear weapons. How alien life may have been responsible for our development from proto human apes to modern day human biology through genetic manipulation and how governments of the world cover up these accounts and deny the public the truth. After several hours of YouTube streams and TikTok clips, Rory drifted off into sleep.

As the morning began with a cigarette and a Joint, Rory smoked outside his apartment block soon joined by his friend George who shared a similar sense of humor that brought the two together over the years since COVID.

"Morning George! What's shaking today?" said Rory Impatiently waiting to update his friend on the news of the day.

"Not much Rory, just working away," replied George.

"You won't believe this but apparently there are these top-secret clearance

Area 51 type dudes that are going to testify before Congress in a few days. They're blowing the lid off of the UFOs and we are going to get some truth," said Rory with excitement.

"What? Really?" replied George with disbelief in his demeanor.

"Yah apparently they have crashed discs and alien bodies and all this shit is legit. Like Roswell-type stuff," said Rory.

"I don't believe in any of that stuff. I'll believe it when I see it," scoffed George with a smile.

"What? really? I don't know man I think this shits real. UFOs and aliens are now current events." Rory leaned, his voice low but charged with conviction. "I don't really trust the official version of truth that gets published on the news anymore. The more I look into things, the more I see the cracks in the narrative."

George raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. "So you think there's some grand conspiracy to keep everything hidden from us? How does that even work? Who's running it? A bunch of guys in dark suits in a smoky room?"

Rory shrugged, his eyes darting as though he expected someone to be listening in. "I don't know how it works, man. I just... I've got doubts. Like, take the pyramids. How were they really built? And by who?"

George smirked, "Oh no, here it comes. You're going to tell me the pyramids were built by aliens, aren't you?"

Rory held up a hand, defensive but insistent. "I'm not saying that! But... I mean... who knows? It doesn't add up. For all we know, aliens created us and they're monitoring us from the Moon."

George snorted. "Aliens on the Moon? What are they doing, hosting

intergalactic reality TV? *'Earth: The Series.'*” He paused, squinting at Rory. “Next, you’re gonna tell me the Earth is flat and the moon landing didn’t happen.”

Rory’s expression darkened, and he looked around as if he expected to see NASA agents spying on them from a van across the street. “I’m not saying that... but think about it! What if the Moon was *put there*? Like, it’s not even a real celestial body! Nothing would surprise me at this point.”

George blinked, trying to suppress a laugh. “Put there? By who? Some cosmic moving company?”

Rory leaned in even closer, his voice now a conspiratorial whisper. “Maybe... and I’m just spitballing here... but maybe the Moon is *hollow*. You know, like a giant surveillance station.” His eyes widened. “Have you ever noticed how it’s *always* showing the same side to us? Doesn’t that seem suspicious?”

George threw his hands in the air. “Right. And let me guess, it’s staffed by lizard people?”

Rory pointed at him, dead serious. “Now you’re getting it.”

“Anyways, do you know when Teddy gets back? I haven’t seen him in days,” Rory asked.

“I think he’s back tomorrow; he was visiting family in Edmonton I’m Thinking,” George explained.

Rory went for a short walk through the park, his mind crunching on the problem of the conflicting stories of UFOs over the years. His determination was unshaken as he felt that he was really on to something amazing. He pondered the accounts brought forward by Dr. Steven Greer and the indication that non-human biologies were alien in origin, coming from star

systems near and far numbering in the seventy to eighty different species documented. Something that troubled Rory was the stories that there was a reverse engineering program run by the military to create manmade craft with technology derived from crashed UFOs.

Walking through the park listening to his beach playlist his mind wandered to fantasy scenarios of first contact and meeting an actual alien. Envisioning a saucer coming down from above on the summer grass of the park he imagined the craft hovering ten feet off the ground with a ramp extending down towards him. Out of the craft came an alien creature strange in appearance with three eyes, pointed ears, and a pair of antennae protruding from the top of its otherworldly head. The alien smiled at Rory as it walked up to him on the grass.

Rory could hear the alien speak in his head saying, "Greetings, Rory."

Rory answered this alien with a question "What did you do earlier today?"

To Rory, this question would tell him more about this entity than dissecting the specimen in a government laboratory. Depending on how the alien answered it would give him a glimpse into the Alien's psychology and perhaps Rory could find out what the being did to pass the time and what it might have liked about the experience.

Rory walked around the park for a while feeling mellow and positive, after a quick stop at the coffee shop for an iced tea he returned to his apartment to do some more research online. Hours passed as he skimmed through videos on the theories of the history of the universe, particle physics, simulation theory, and the holographic nature of reality. After a while, Rory turned off the television and fell asleep.

In a dream, Rory was in the hospital sitting beside his father as he lay on the hospital bed days before his death.

His father spoke to him. "I'm worried Rory, I'm worried that there's nothing more after this life."

His father had always been an atheist as Rory was as well.

"I have been looking into it Dad, and I think it's possible that there's more. I've been watching videos and I think there might be something to the afterlife that we don't know Dad." Rory said, trying to comfort his father.

"But you will find out before I do Dad, I hope that you're waiting for me there," Rory said with tears in his eyes.

His father gripped his hand and without a word squeezed his hand tightly. "I love you, Dad." Rory wept.

About Paradigm Theory

Everything you perceive to be True or False equates to a Paradigm in your mind. The idea that our beliefs are shaped by paradigms is certainly a compelling one. Paradigms, in this context, can be seen as the overarching frameworks or models through which we interpret and understand the world around us. These paradigms are influenced by numerous factors such as culture, upbringing, education, personal experiences, and so forth.

It's true that our beliefs often align with the paradigms we hold, as these paradigms serve as the lenses through which we filter and make sense of information. However, it's also important to acknowledge that paradigms can shift and evolve over time. New experiences, knowledge, or exposure to different perspectives can challenge and potentially alter existing paradigms.

So while paradigms do play a significant role in shaping our beliefs and understanding of the universe, it's not necessarily the case that they are fixed or immutable. Our minds have a remarkable capacity for adaptation and growth, allowing us to continually refine and expand our paradigms as we encounter new information and experiences.

FYI, this is pretty sound science about how you believe what you believe. This is how your brain works.

-Rory Pendleton

Rory woke up and twisted up a Joint to go outside for a smoke. As he walked to the front of the building, he could see George already smoking and joined him. The summer morning sunshine kissed his cheek as he lit up a preroll and had a cigarette.

"Good morning, guys!" said Teddy walking up behind them.

"You're back!" replied Rory.

"How was your trip?" George said.

"It was good, saw some family, I got some gin from a family member who owns a distillery. I'd like to get together with your guys and we can open the bottle," Teddy exclaimed.

"How's tonight work for you guys? I'm not working so any time is good for me," Rory inquired.

"Works for me!" Teddy said.

"Me too," George added.

Rory walked around the park path and enjoyed the day when in the afternoon he got a text from Barry.

"Sup" texted Barry, a longtime friend of nearly 15 years, a trusted friend and a colleague from back in the day.

"Just going for a walk," replied Rory.

"I'm going to be in the area later tomorrow! Did you want to spark one up with me?" texted Barry in response.

"Sure, sounds good lol," Rory replied.

As the sun went down, Rory went up to George's apartment joined by Teddy and his wife Sue.

"Hey guys! Welcome, come on in," said George.

Teddy held up a clear bottle of gin and said, "Thanks for having us! This is the finest gin in Canada I promise."

Rory took off his shoes and settled down at a long wooden table with six stools around it. The party began having a few glasses of gin. Sue and George ended up on the balcony having a private conversation when Teddy and Rory stayed at the table.

"How much do you know about the paranormal?" Rory inquired.

"I've been following the UFO stuff that's been going on the web this last week," said Rory

"What are you talking about?" asked Teddy.

"Yah there's going to be a hearing before Congress in the States that's going to reveal all the UFO shit that's been going on since Roswell," explained Rory.

"Apparently they have at least nine crashed discs, Alien bodies have been recovered, there is a reverse engineering program, and people have been offered to keep this secret." Rory elaborated.

"Basically, the human species has been genetically spliced some two-hundred thousand years ago by aliens and all this is being kept secret from the public probably for some horrendous reason." Elaborated Rory.

Rory leaned in, his eyes wide with intrigue. "Ever heard of Bob Lazar?"

Teddy shrugged. "Nope. Who's that?"

Rory grinned, as if he'd just been handed the juiciest secret in the universe. "Oh man, you're in for a ride. This guy? He's the dude who came out in the '80s and spilled the beans about Area 51. Claimed he worked there, reverse-engineering a crashed UFO for the military. They were trying to figure out how its gravity propulsion system worked."

Teddy raised an eyebrow. "Wait, seriously?"

“Dead serious,” Rory said, his voice dripping with conspiratorial excitement. “Get this—he says he went inside the craft. No control panels, no windows. Just three tiny chairs, like they were made for kindergarteners, all arranged in a circle. Freaky, right?”

Teddy crossed his arms, intrigued despite himself. “And how do you know all this?”

Rory smirked. “I’ve done my homework, man. Like, two hundred hours of research. This stuff is wild!” He leaned in closer, his voice dropping. “And that’s not even the craziest part. Lazar claimed they showed him all kinds of other classified projects to give him context. One of them was about religions. He said there was this document—thick as an old-school phone book—that was top-secret. I mean, why would religion need that level of classification? Makes you wonder, doesn’t it? And you know the Vatican knows this stuff, no question.”

Teddy’s jaw dropped slightly. “Holy shit. What else did he say?”

Rory’s eyes lit up like a kid with a new toy. “Oh, it gets even weirder. One of the projects he was briefed on supposedly used UFO tech to look into the past—to witness events from ancient history! And that’s not all. Time travel, psychic abilities, consciousness—apparently, it’s all connected. It’s like the real-life version of *Rick and Morty* out there.”

Teddy stared at him, half-convinced Rory had lost it, half-entranced. “You’ve gotta tell me more...”

Rory continued telling Teddy all of the different accounts that he had heard of and strong UFO cases from his searches on the internet. As the night went on the two talked and talked about what this all could mean. Eventually, George and Susan rejoined them, and the night ended at three am with a smoke outside. Teddy looked distant and pensive before they all retired to

the apartment block to go to sleep.

Morning came and Rory took a walk down to the Dispensary down the street. He opened the door and entered walking slowly up to the counter. The clerk greeted him with an excited smile.

"Hey, Rory! it's been a weird morning. Everyone that comes in here is talking about aliens!" the clerk exclaimed.

"Yah its the whistleblowers from the government coming up soon. I've been into UFOs for a long time, and I never seen anything this solid of a movement in the topic," Rory replied.

Rory talked with the clerk and collected his Purple Kush then walked back to the apartment block sitting down on his favorite rock in the sun.

As Rory lounged on his customary rock outside the apartment building, his usual spot, Anne and George joined him. The trio engaged in easy banter, navigating Rory's unique brand of humor, and exchanging updates on daily activities. Moments later, Teddy approached with a serious expression clouding his face.

Waiting until the others had wandered off, Teddy turned to Rory and remarked, "You know, you mentioned some things last night that were rather unsettling."

Rory shrugged, replying, "Oh? I don't recall everything I said. But I don't fabricate stories, and I wouldn't do anything to harm you," Rory assured Teddy.

Teddy walked away slowly seemingly uncomfortable by the exchange. Rory followed shortly afterwards to return to his apartment.

Time passed as Rory continued to search the internet for information on

UAPs and tried to learn as much as he could as the news stories continued to develop. News of a craft shot down so large that they built a building over it to hide it from sight.

Suddenly, a resounding knock echoed through the room, jolting Rory from the comfort of the couch. Swiftly, he rose and approached the door, peering through the peephole to find Teddy waiting on the other side. With a welcoming gesture, Rory swung the door open wide, greeting Teddy with a casual "Hey there, Teddy. What's on your mind?"

"Have you heard anything about me? Are people talking about me to you?"

Teddy inquired anxiously. "I feel like something's going on, but I'm in the dark."

Rory reassured him, "I don't know what you mean Teddy, if something happened, I would talk to you because you are my friend. I don't really care what someone else would think about you."

Teddy turned to reluctantly return to his apartment down the hall. Rory sank back onto the couch, perplexed by the unexpected visit. Was this paranoia Teddy was experiencing or something more? Was this some covert operation, akin to a scene from a spy thriller? It took an hour of deep breaths and calming thoughts before a text message interrupted his ponderings.

Barry's message lit up his phone screen: "Hey man, what's the plan for later? I'll be around your area and thought we could hang."

"Count me in, anytime works!" Rory replied promptly.

An hour later, another text buzzed in: "I'm downstairs," Barry announced.

Rory secured his door and descended to meet Barry outside. A mischievous grin adorned Barry's face as they greeted each other.

"Hey, what's up?" Rory asked.

"Not much, how about you?" Barry responded.

Rory launched into his latest fascination: "I've been delving into UFO research online. It seems there's a congressional testimony scheduled for next week, revealing details of crashed discs and even alien bodies, all under oath! It's pretty mind-blowing shit."

"That's intriguing," Barry acknowledged. "But it all sounds a bit far-fetched, doesn't it?"

"No, trust me, this is groundbreaking," Rory insisted. "It's been under wraps since Roswell, but now it's finally surfacing."

Barry remained skeptical: "I don't buy it. How could aliens travel here? It defies logic."

"Who knows what kind of technology they possess? Maybe it's beyond our comprehension," Rory speculated.

Their discussion continued as they strolled, eventually parting ways near Rory's apartment, each lost in their own thoughts.

Rory was taken aback by another unexpected knock at the door. Opening it, he found Teddy standing there, his expression twisted in anger.

"Are you behind those threats against me? I am getting email threats!" Teddy accused; his voice fraught with panic. "I'm facing a defamation lawsuit, and somehow, you're connected!"

Rory's confusion deepened. "I have no idea what you're talking about," he protested.

Teddy's tone turned ominous. "If you're playing games, you're done!"

Rory's face flushed with shock. "I have nothing to do with this! I don't even know your last name! If you think this has something to do with me, I advise you to sever all ties with me. starting now If I see you, it's Hi Ted, Bye Ted, talk about a movie."

Teddy walked down the hallway back towards his apartment. He turned to look back as the door to Rory's apartment closed shut. Rory shook with fear as thoughts raced through his head. How could this be happening? Who was behind the attack on Teddy? Was this happening because of the conversation about UFOs? Was someone listening to their conversations? Could this happen to me next?

About Purple and Blue Beams

In the kaleidoscope of human emotions, the spectrum of positivity and negativity intertwines, giving rise to a fascinating dichotomy embodied by purple and blue beams. These metaphorical rays of light symbolize contrasting facets of human interaction, each carrying its own unique energy and implications.

The Radiance of Purple Beams: Purple beams emerge as beacons of positivity, suffused with an aura of authenticity, empowerment, and possibility. Symbolizing genuine optimism and resilience, these radiant rays inspire hope, foster connection, and uplift spirits. Unlike their counterparts, purple beams possess a heightened potency, capable of catalyzing transformative change in individuals and communities alike. They represent the essence of human potential, encouraging growth, and instilling a sense of purpose and belonging.

The Shadow of Blue Beams: In stark contrast, blue beams cast a shadow over the landscape of human interaction, embodying negativity, cynicism, and manipulation. These metaphorical rays emanate a sense of coldness and detachment, lacking the warmth and sincerity associated with genuine positivity. Blue beams may be wielded by individuals with ulterior motives, seeking to deceive, control, or undermine others for personal gain. Their subtle influence can erode trust, sow discord, and perpetuate cycles of conflict and misunderstanding.

In short, a sarcastic joke is a Purple beam tinted Blue while someone acting disingenuously to take advantage of somebody can be described as a Blue beam tinted Purple.

Just kind of FYI, Purple beams have gotten me out of a lot of tricky situations in life, You may want to give it a try.

-Rory Pendleton

In the realm of dreams, Rory found himself transported to a haunting scene: the hospital room, where his father lay frail and fading. Tubes snaked from his nose, the only tether to life. Rory, consumed by a mixture of love and despair, clutched his father's hand tightly, refusing to let go. With each labored breath, his father's gaze met Rory's, and in a fragile whisper, words struggled to escape his lips.

"You're my hero." His father spoke.

"I love you pal," Rory said back to his dying father.

As the first rays of dawn filtered through his window, Rory stirred from his slumber, feeling the pull of another day beckoning him forward. Descending the stairs of his modest abode, he embarked on the familiar routine that marked the beginning of his quest. Today, however, held the promise of deeper exploration, a plunge into the murky depths of the enigma that consumed his thoughts.

With a sense of purpose tingling in his veins, Rory indulged in his rituals, seeking clarity amidst the haze of smoke that enveloped him. Igniting a joint and lighting a cigarette, he ventured into the serene embrace of the park, a sanctuary where his musings found solace in the embrace of nature.

As his footsteps traced a path through the tranquil expanse, Rory's mind delved into the labyrinthine corridors of his contemplations. The allure of Hollywood's elite and the titans of the music industry danced tantalizingly at the periphery of his consciousness. These figures, draped in the trappings of fame and influence, held sway over the collective imagination, their every move scrutinized and dissected by a captivated audience.

Yet, beneath the glimmering facade of stardom, Rory sensed a deeper current coursing through the veins of these luminaries—a narrative woven

with threads of intrigue and shadowy machinations. What drove these icons of the silver screen and the airwaves to lend their voices to political opinion, grassroots movements, and the opinions expressed in the official narrative? What motivations lurked behind the carefully curated personas they presented to the world?

With each step, Rory's thoughts spiraled ever deeper into the abyss of speculation. Were these celebrities mere pawns in a grander scheme, manipulated by unseen forces that pulled the strings from behind the scenes? Or did they willingly embrace their roles as conduits of influence, weaving a web of illusion to shape the perceptions of the masses?

As the sun climbed higher in the sky, casting its golden light upon the verdant landscape, Rory found himself consumed by a relentless drive to uncover the truth. For in the shadows of fame and fortune, he sensed the faint whispers of a conspiracy waiting to be unraveled a puzzle whose pieces lay scattered amidst the glitz and glamour of a world veiled in secrecy.

Rory took a walk to the neighborhood courtyard, a place where neighbors gather to play chess and socialize. Rory had often visited the courtyard in the previous weeks but today there was a new person sitting at the bench across from the seat he usually claimed. This man, older and frail in appearance stared at him with brilliantly blue eyes, like the eyes you might see on a husky.

Rory greeted the gentleman and asked, "Wow, you have really pretty eyes. Are they natural or contact lenses?"

"They are my natural eyes," the man explained with a strange grin.

There was something about the man that unsettled Rory. A sense that something was not quite right with this figure. Was this suspiciousness

wisdom or paranoia? Rory treaded the conversation carefully.

"I haven't seen you here before. Do you come here often?" Rory asked with apprehension.

"I come here almost every day, I'm Rupert," the man explained. "Do you live around here?"

"I live down the street." Rory elaborated, "I just came here to soak up the Purple beams!"

"Purple beams?" the man inquired. "What is that? I've never heard of it."

Rory spoke carefully. "Purple beams are imaginary beams of positivity that I project on people I meet. They change the way I react to people to see them in the most positive light. I started out projecting them on people I liked but soon realized that projecting them on people that disliked me made me react more positively to negative situations."

"Interesting, so what if someone does something that harms you? Do you deny them Purple beams?" The man inquired snidely.

"Well, at first I tried doing that but it became more work to remember who gets a Purple beam and who doesn't so I came up with a solution to that problem," Rory stated.

"So what was the solution then?" The man asked with a short temper.

"I projected Purple beams on every one on Earth and then I found the button in my head that turns off Purple beams and I busted it. Now everyone gets a Purple beam whether they are good or bad. Sorry, everyone gets a Purple beam," Rory explained.

Rory and the man continued their conversation talking about society, religion, and philosophy, especially about Socrates and the allegory of the

cave. With every discourse, Rory got the feeling the man was being negative in his responses. Rory realized the man was continuously using Blue beams on Rory.

After a while, Rory excused himself and walked down the street towards home. In his mind, he reflected on his conversation with the man. He began to realize there was something very off with this man. Then it occurred to him. This man, Rupert was an Alien.

About the Creation of the Universe:

The Big Idea Theory

The universe and everything in it can be broken down into smaller elements that make up the matter and energies that drive the world that we perceive. When we dive down into smaller and smaller scales, we find molecules and atoms, quarks and strings, etc., until we get down to the Planck length level. At this scale everything is made up of energy or vibrations and is just really information or if you will, consciousness.

When we macro up to human scale, You, me, the floor we may be standing on and everything we perceive is really made up of consciousness. If we expand to the scale of the universe all is entirely made up of consciousness in the mind of God.

The big bang theory in science describes everything coming from nothing. The only thing that comes from nothing into creation is a thought or an idea. So, I propose that instead of there being a big bang, there was a big idea that cascaded into the universe we see.

Just FYI, there is nothing in science that we know of that disproves this theory. All pretty sound thinking from what I understand.

-Rory Pendleton

In dream Rory stood in the park, the night air thick with an eerie chill, as though the darkness itself was closing in around him. A presence loomed just behind him—he could feel it before he even turned. When he did, his eyes locked onto Rupert, who was approaching with an expression that gave Rory a strange sense of foreboding. Rupert opened his mouth to speak, but

before Rory could process the words, another figure emerged from the shadows.

The man's greeting sent a shiver crawling up Rory's spine. His voice was guttural, a series of clicking sounds that seemed to vibrate in the air, a language that was somehow *wrong*. The two men exchanged words in this foreign tongue, a conversation that made Rory's skin crawl, the syllables twisting his stomach into knots. The sound of it reverberated through his mind, leaving him with an oppressive sense of dread that he couldn't shake.

Unable to bear it any longer, Rory excused himself, retreating into the cold embrace of the night. The dream shifted. He was back in his apartment, but everything felt different. A cold wind whipped through the cracks, the air unnaturally frigid, as the balcony blinds swayed, as if beckoning him outside, urging him into the darkness.

Drawn by an unspoken compulsion, Rory stepped onto the balcony, the night pressing down on him. From the street below, a sound like a thousand chalk pieces scraping against a blackboard reached his ears—a noise so grating, so wrong, that it sent a jolt of unease through his entire body.

Curiosity fought against instinct, and Rory leaned over the railing, peering down to the street four floors below. What he saw stopped his heart cold. The streets were swarming with rats—thousands of them, moving in eerie unison. Their tiny claws scraped against the pavement, their piercing screeches creating a chorus of horror that filled the night.

The rats didn't scatter. They moved toward the ocean, as if driven by some dark purpose Rory couldn't comprehend. He stood frozen, the bile rising in his throat, his mind struggling to process the grotesque sight. It was as though the world was unraveling before him, a nightmare that he couldn't escape, no matter how hard he tried.

Everything faded to black, and the unsettling silence was the last thing Rory remembered as he jolted awake, drenched in sweat, his heart hammering in his chest.

Rory roused from slumber, rolling a joint in anticipation. It marked the day of the congressional hearing featuring UFO whistleblowers. Heading downstairs to indulge, he returned upstairs to await the UFO revelations. The program commenced, featuring navy pilots recounting encounters with the enigmatic tic-tac UAP. Then, David Grusch took the stand, presenting three pivotal points:

1. Retrieval of crashed discs for technological reverse engineering projects.
2. Recovery of alien remains, comprising non-human biological entities.
3. Highlighting an interdimensional aspect to the phenomenon, suggesting origins beyond our dimensions.

Rory felt exhilarated. He couldn't wait for the mainstream news to report on the hearing. Finally, everyone would see what he had seen for so very long that UFOs and aliens exist and are as real as he had always believed. Time passed as Rory switched through the online channels of mainstream media. Nothing showed up on the news. Nothing. Absolutely fucking nothing. Rory felt a sinking feeling in his stomach. He felt sick with worry. How could this be ignored? This is the biggest news story of all time and it's not even a blip on mainstream news.

Rory couldn't figure this out. Was the media compromised? Was the story being crushed by advertising agendas? Politicians? How? Rory knew what he would do but it was risky. He needed to connect the dots. Paranoia works like this: your mind makes connections between things that don't necessarily belong, however, if things do belong in a pattern, marijuana can

increase this ability. This problem needed a game of connect the dots. This was going to take weed. Lots of weed.

Rory methodically rolled joint after joint, each one contributing to a steady stream of THC coursing through his system. As the familiar haze settled over him, his mind became a kaleidoscope of swirling thoughts and possibilities. With each exhale of smoke, he delved deeper into the labyrinth of conspiracies that might explain the baffling absence of UFO news coverage.

His thoughts ricocheted from one possibility to the next, drawing connections between disparate entities: the CIA, powerful banking institutions, billionaires with vested interests, and shadowy corporate forces. In the swirling mists of his mind, dots began to emerge, faint at first, but steadily coalescing into a web of intrigue and suspicion.

With each drag of his joint, Rory's perception sharpened, revealing patterns and linkages that had eluded him before. The threads of conspiracy intertwined, forming a complex tapestry of hidden agendas and clandestine maneuvers. As he gazed into the smoke-filled haze, Rory knew that he was onto something profound, something that could shake the very foundations of the world as he knew it.

Late at night, Rory left the apartment for a cigarette outside. He lit his smoke and stood by the tree in front. After a while, a neighborhood acquaintance stumbled along towards him. He could tell by his demeanor that the man was a little drunk.

The man spoke as he got closer, "Hey! Did you hear about the UFOs on the internet? Holy fuck this shit is real!" The man seemed a little uneasy.

Rory responded to him "Yeah but did you see Grusch talk about the interdimensional aspect to the phenomenon? Basically, extradimensional

beings are crossing over into our fucking reality!"

"Holy fucking shit!" the man paused and then said again, "Holy fucking shit!!!"

Rory continued to drag on his cigarette as the neighbor continued home. Rory looked up at the moon and stopped to ponder before returning upstairs.

Rory found his thoughts awash with a myriad of dots, each representing a piece of a complex puzzle. Paradigms shifted and rearranged themselves, unveiling new perspectives. What was once clear became muddled, and what was hidden emerged into the light. And then, amidst the chaos of his mind's dance, he glimpsed it: the onion, with its layers upon layers.

At its core lay the masses of Earth's population, burdened by the weight of their existence. Above them sat the layers of governments, followed by the influential echelons of billionaires and corporations.

Layer after layer peeled away, revealing the intricate web of power and influence.

At the very top resided an enigmatic force, an extradimensional entity known as Mr. Blue, orchestrating events like a sinister puppet master. And yet, encompassing all layers of the onion, Rory perceived a greater presence - the entirety of existence itself, embodied in the concept of God.

Exhausted and numbed by the weight of the world, Rory collapsed onto his couch, surrendering to the embrace of sleep.

The world is a farm. We are all driven towards pain and suffering by a malicious force in control of our society in order to milk us like cows of negative energy. Every country, every institution, every corporation, everything is an elaborate lie told to us by the same liar.

Imagine a vast, sprawling farm, stretching beyond the horizon, where every individual is but a mere livestock in the grand scheme of things. Yet, this is no ordinary farm; it is a sinister realm where the crops harvested are not of nourishment, but of pain and suffering.

At the helm of this malevolent operation is Mr. Blue, a puppeteer orchestrating the symphony of misery that permeates every facet of society. Like insidious tendrils, this force weaves its influence through the veins of power, manipulating governments, institutions, and corporations alike.

Each country is but a fenced-off pasture, its inhabitants unwittingly herded towards their own anguish. Every institution is a carefully crafted facade, concealing the true intentions of those who pull the strings. And within the labyrinthine corridors of corporations, souls are harvested for their negative energy, squeezed dry like ripe fruits of despair.

Yet, amidst this bleak landscape, there are whispers of rebellion, of those who refuse to be mere cattle to the whims of their oppressors. They seek to unravel the lies, to break free from the shackles of manipulation, and to reclaim their sovereignty from the clutches of tyranny.

Rory awoke from a bad dream. He got up and went to have a shower. The hot water hit his skin shaking off shivers of cold sweat. Slowly his memory returned to the previous days' realization. He turned off the water and stood still.

Rory let out a quiet scream. "Fuuuuuuuck. Fuck!"

After a few minutes, he calmed down enough to get dressed and collect himself. He looked at the cannabis jar and walked past it on the way out the door.

Rory walked out front of his building and continued to walk through the park. What was he going to do? There was nowhere to run to. No place to

hide. He couldn't tell anyone about what he had discovered. He was alone.

Collecting his thoughts he formed a new plan. He would start a new project. Book Theory Blue. He would create a story that could be communicated to people in the form of fiction. A sucker punch strike against Mr. Blue. If he invented a fake movie that communicated the points he believed everyone needed to know about Mr. Blue and the fake world they were so invested in then there was a chance at breaking our chains.

He walked down the street now but started noticing the eyes of people walking down the street. Any one of these people could be aliens, skin things, whatever you want to call them. This situation was more dire than previously imagined. He bought a pack of cigarettes at the convenience store and walked down to the courtyard. Many of his neighborhood friends were there. All the familiar faces except Rupert. Sitting in a chair in the sun Rory felt relaxed for the first time in a long while.

But then something happened that was quite unusual. A reporter from the local newspaper walked into the courtyard. He introduced himself and asked if anyone had any ideas to improve the neighborhood. He walked around asking for anyone to contribute anything. Rory sat silently looking at his feet while the others gave input to this newspaper man.

The reporter looked at Rory and inquired if he had any ideas for him. Rory sat silently until the man went away. Once he did, Rory turned around to leave. He was under the suspicion that the newspaper man was a trap. A trap to get him to talk, maybe expose himself in some way.

About eight feet from behind Rory was a friendly Canadian bicycle cop straddling his bike and looking right at Rory from behind dark sunglasses.

Paradigm shift. Rory got the chills and stood there motionless. The bike cop began to pedal his way out of the courtyard. Once he did Rory walked with

haste back to the apartment building. He entered and waited by the elevator until it opened. Once it did he took the lift and got off to return to his apartment.

When he got off the lift he saw that Teddy was standing outside his door. Teddy saw Rory and said in an agitated tone "Oh, Rory, I have a movie I wanted to talk about with you."

Teddy continued to speak two words, "Falling down."

Rory replied hastily "No, violence is not the way. Never violence." He shook his head. "I have a better movie for you, They Live. Love it! Favorite fucking film! Live the dream." Rory then quieted his tone and continued. "My advice to you is to live off cash, never get in debt. Try to live small. Never get involved."

As Teddy walked back down the hall to his apartment, Rory unlocked his door and entered his suite. Thoughts raced through his head. This shit is everywhere now. What happened to Teddy to make him think of violence. What are others experiencing out there? I can't be the only one, can I? Is there a war on between God and Mr. Blue? The world is full of pieces all tinted blue with a few tiny purple pieces. If there is a war on Mr. Blue seems to be winning. I am not down with that.

After a while, Rory felt despair creep in. There would be no way for him to live his life free again. He had bumped up against the boundaries of unreality and Mr. Blue would never forgive him, never forget. Life would be a punishment from here on out. Rory placed his wallet on the table in front of him, pulled his phone out and put it down. He emptied his pockets and took his keys and placed them on the table as well.

Then Rory picked up a pen and wrote on a piece of paper by his computer. On the paper he wrote, "Dear Mr. Blue, I have a purple beam for you too,

always."

Then Rory walked out of his apartment leaving the door unlocked. He walked down the street never intending to return to his apartment again. He walked down to the downtown east side trying to collect his thoughts. All of the downtrodden people in the area of desperation surely could be a good place to hide from Mr. Blue's influence. He sat in the grass in front of a church where some homeless people sat. Rory sat down and said hello and tried to see if the homeless angle was something he could do to escape from Mr. Blue. Maybe it was a good place to try and purple up the world a little.

As he sat there every ten minutes a dispute would break out and turn nasty. It was only a matter of time before a police officer would ask him for identification. That couldn't happen, If he was detained by the cops they would get his name and he would inevitably end up in a psych ward. That couldn't happen.

Rory continued walking. He walked down the street coming to a park. Maybe he could live as a drifter, going from place to place always on the run. Rory lay down in the grass of a public park. He shut his eyes and tried to think how he could make anything work. All possibilities escaped his mind. He came to a conclusion, It's over. You're done now. End this torture once and for all.

Rory thought of one thing: The Granville bridge.

Rory got up and began walking. As he crossed the streets of downtown Vancouver he moved hastily. He wondered if someone would try and stop him from getting there. Every police car that passed Rory dropped his head down. He passed street after street until he got to the base of the bridge. Rory walked up the pedestrian ramp and wandered to the midway point of the bridge. Looking over the edge, Rory felt nothing but purpose and saw that there was a clear path to the water far below. No boats underneath him,

nobody that could get hurt he climbed over the edge without hesitation.

Then he was falling. His perspective went out of his body he watched as his body fell from above. Then he hit the water with a smack.

Blackness. Rory could not feel his body. He had not a mind or thoughts. All was peace in an endless formless void. This feeling lasted for what felt like a couple of short minutes.

Then Rory heard frantic voices he could not make out. His eyes opened to lights being flashed in his eyes. Confusing voices asked, "What is your name?"

"Rory Pendleton. My name is Rory Pendleton!" he exclaimed.

Rory was forced to endure tests and expensive scans and x-rays. The doctors were putting him through several tests until finally Rory filled with pain shouted "Stop it! This is torture!"

Rory realized he was in a hospital bed. Pain surged through his broken body. He was foggy headed and disoriented when a nurse came up to him. "You are in the hospital, and you have been certified." The nurse explained.

Rory was transferred from hospital ward to hospital ward on different floors. Finally ending up on the physical trauma ward. Suspicious still about Mr. Blue and his influence. Was there going to be a problem with skin things in here too? Rory would be very careful.

After a few days the nurse came by and asked Rory if it was ok to let his Mother know he was here. Rory thought about it carefully before saying yes.

After a few minutes, a familiar face walked slowly into the room. It was Rory's Momma. She had a look on her face of love and compassion. She

walked up to the bed and reached out to hold Rory's hand.

"Hi Momma," Rory said to the most important person in his life.

"Oh Rory, how are you doing dear? What happened to you?"

"I don't know Momma, I just am very tired and I wanted to see Dad," Rory replied with tears in his eyes.

Rory's mother's squeezed his hand lovingly. For the longest time she held his hand.

"I want to stay in the apartment, is there anything I can do to get in?" inquired Mom.

"The door should be unlocked; you'll find my wallet and keys in there along with my phone. Also, you can ask my neighbor Anne for any help you might need Mom." Rory explained.

After a short while his mother left to go back to the apartment. Rory spent the rest of the day getting test after test, scans, and X-rays over and over.

The next day in the morning a friendly doctor showed up beside Rory's bedside. "Hello Rory, I'm Doctor Watson, I just wanted to inform you about some of your injuries."

"Do you know what a concussion is?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, that's when the sensitive squishy part of your brain bounces over the super shock absorbent and springy inside of your skull."

"Yah you get the idea. So yes you suffered a concussion and your nerves stretched leading to paralysis of your arm. You're really lucky to be alive!" The doctor added.

"Will I be able to walk again?" Rory inquired.

"In time yes we believe so," the doctor added.

"How does your back feel Rory?" said the doctor.

"It feels like someone is sawing my back apart with a logging saw," Rory replied.

"That should improve over time as your back heals." The doctor continued to inform Rory about his condition and outcome possibilities. When the doctor left Rory dozed off into sleep.

"Hi Buddy," a familiar voice called out from the door of the hospital room. It was Anne.

"Anne! I'm so glad you're here!" Rory excitedly remarked.

Anne and Rory talked about how his condition was and talked at length about what was going on in the neighborhood.

"They are going to keep me here until I've healed enough to go to the psych ward. They said I was suffering from psychosis. I guess it makes sense." Rory declared keeping to himself what he knew about Mr. Blue and unreality. He certainly was not going to poison his loved ones with tales of skin things and global manipulation. Book Theory Blue was still the main plan.

Rory thought of ways to promote the movie. Word of mouth wasn't really going to do the trick. He thought that this would take a multi part plan. Perhaps creating a website for the movie going over the main elements: Mr. Blue and unreality, aliens walking among us, the true origins of humanity and our place in the world and extradimensional creatures.

Also a site for selling t-shirts promoting the main concepts of the movie. A shirt popped into his imagination to start with. It was the image of a happy

face with three eyes two pointed ears and antennas on its head. Putting a happy friendly image of something terrifying to add a little sugar to the medicine. Underneath the happy face he thought "They walk among us" could be scribed in letters below. No. Too scary and weird. "Stay purple my friends!" a way to acknowledge our common problem with a positive message. Stay purple, stay positive no matter what.

The weeks passed with visitors and doctors, physiotherapy and learning to walk again. Rory's left arm was still dead weight, but he was determined not to get any surgeries. He could use his hand but had to grab the wrist with his right hand to move it around.

Eventually, after he was able to walk without falling and most of his injuries had begun healing, he was transferred to the psych ward.

About Unreality

In our world there exists a collective unreality that we all share in common. It is what everyone knows to be true about a particular subject whether it be the speed of sound or how a government operates or what is possible and what is not possible as well as what is true and what is false.

In order to maintain control over a massive population, the news and media are used extensively to advance and update the narrative of unreality. When an idea is to be promoted a tagline will be disseminated over as many channels as possible to repeat the same message to the public over and over again. Depending on the importance of the narrative the information or disinformation could be pushed and broadcast for months until the hypnotic effect takes root and sets the paradigm firmly.

After the message has been imprinted on the public, anyone differing from the accepted norm will be cast out of conversation on the topic whenever they stray from the accepted narrative. If they have influence enough to change the narrative back to truth, they will be targeted and dealt with often with a new narrative about them in particular which can be pushed and promoted in an attempt to destroy their credibility and negate any damage that was done to the evolving narratives of subjective unreality.

Guess what? FYI this is one of the biggest truths I have ever discovered. Read it again if you need this concept to sink in.

-Rory Pendleton

The psych ward was a modern facility with multiple floors. The floor Rory was on was expansive with hallways interconnecting larger rooms a seating area, laundry room, a lounge, and a kitchen. All of the patients on the ward were nonviolent and very sick.

Rory was suffering from mania and psychosis which led to him behaving in an animated version of himself fueled with positivity from the mania and a restless need to get his story out from the psychosis.

Rory sat down in the seating area drinking a cup of tea. Entering the common area was a girl in her twenties who had obvious signs of depression. Her name was Purple Peach. She made eye contact with Rory before looking away. Rory waved hello and she looked the other way.

One of the nurses came up to Rory and asked him if she could give him a blood pressure test. She was friendly and smiled at Rory.

"What's purpling up your beams today?" Rory asked.

"What are purple beams?" the nurse inquired.

"Well you have your purple beams of positivity, and then you got your blue beams. Blue beams are not my favorite type of beam. But yours are definitely on the purple side." Rory explained.

After a few minutes, Purple Peach stood up and left to return to her room. Rory was starved for social activity and it seemed like most of the people on the ward would take time to accept him and develop trust.

After a few hours of wandering between the kitchen, the common areas and his room, Rory finally got to see the doctor. In an office off the side of the ward Rory met the psych doctor, a short portly man in his fifties with glasses and a million-dollar smile.

"Hello Rory, I am Doctor Dixon," the man smiled.

"Hello, Doctor," Rory responded with a relaxed smile.

The doctor became serious. "So you jumped off the Granville bridge? Why did you do that?"

"I felt that an extradimensional being I call Mr. Blue was going to ruin my life no matter what I did and I wanted to see my Dad," Rory replied.

"What makes you think that?" the doctor puzzled.

"Well, I don't think that anymore. I'm turning my experience into an intellectual property that I can sell as a movie. The only thing I care about now is purple beams." Rory explained.

"Purple beams?" The doctor raised an eyebrow, leaning forward slightly.

"Purple beams are how I visualize positivity," Rory explained, his hands gesturing as though tracing the light itself. "In my mind's eye, they're this radiant, purple glow—a way for me to focus on seeing things in the best possible light."

The doctor tilted his head. "And the negativity?"

"Blue beams." Rory's tone grew sharper, his expression darkening just a little. "They're how I recognize bad vibes. If I can picture them, I can pinpoint where the negativity is coming from and cut it off."

"Do you actually *see* these beams?" The doctor's voice held a note of skepticism.

Rory shook his head, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "No, Doctor. They're imaginary."

"And this... Mr. Blue? How did you come to believe in such a figure?"

Rory paused, his gaze drifting to the window. "I connected the dots. It was like a veil lifting, a sudden clarity. The pieces came together, and the truth revealed itself."

The doctor adjusted his glasses. "Truth? What truth, exactly?"

“That someone, or something, had to account for all the evil in the world. It didn’t add up that our society—run by humans, supposedly—could justify so many acts of cruelty, so much inhumanity. There had to be something else behind it all.” Rory’s voice grew firmer, his words carrying the weight of conviction.

“There *is* no Mr. Blue,” the doctor said, his voice measured and steady.

Rory’s eyes narrowed. “How can you be so sure, Doctor? How can any of us be sure of anything when all we have are these two eyes and a brain to go off of?”

The room fell silent, the air heavy with the tension between their opposing views.

“We will talk more about this soon, Rory. But that is all the time we have for today.” Exclaimed the Doctor.

Several days passed and Rory walked out past the nurse's station. A voice from behind the counter called out to Rory. "You have a visitor today at two pm, someone named Barry."

"Oh great!" said Rory. His good friend was coming to see him. It means so much to someone on a psych ward to get in contact with someone who isn't in the position of being a nurse diagnosing your behavior or fellow patients who are all in serious situations.

Rory waited excitedly for his Friend to arrive. After a few hours, he saw Barry waiting outside the double-secured doors leading to the elevator. The nurses buzzed him in and he opened the door wide to meet Rory's smile.

"Hey Buddy! how are you?" smiled Barry.

"Not bad considering..." Rory answered. "Let's go down to the visiting room."

Rory and Barry sat in the visiting room and Rory went over the details of what he believed happened and talked at length about purple beams, blue beams, Mr. Blue, and unreality in the context of a motion picture of his life. Barry seemed a bit apprehensive about the "new" Rory.

An hour later, the two friends strolled back down the hall towards the exit doors. Barry approached the nurse stationed behind the counter, politely expressing his desire to leave. With a press of a button, the nurse unlocked the heavy door, causing it to buzz loudly. However, before Barry could step through, a young woman in her early twenties, sporting oversized glasses, dashed forward, flinging the door open in an attempt to flee. A male nurse quickly intervened, rushing forward to restrain the girl. It was in this moment that Rory first encountered the patient he would later refer to as Agent Andrea.

After the chaos quieted down, Barry opened the door and disappeared into the elevator as the doors shut.

Several days passed with the constant rotation of blood pressure tests, doctor visits, medication adjustments, and random social interactions with the various other guests at the psyche hotel. One day during breakfast Rory was sitting eating a hardboiled egg when Purple peach sat down with her tray across the table from Rory.

"I like your beams today," Purple peach said unexpectedly. "They're quite purple."

"Thanks!" Rory replied. "No blue beams here I think."

Peach remained quiet, focused on her breakfast, while Rory finished his meal. After tidying up his tray, he made his way to the common area. It

struck him that this was the first time someone had acknowledged his purple beam theory. It brought a sense of validation, however small, to Rory's thoughts and ideas.

Later that day Rory was sitting in the common area still and Peach walked by to pass the nurses' station.

"Peach, your husband is coming up for a visit in a half hour." The nurse said aloud.

"Okay," Peach answered the nurse.

Not long after Peach's visitor arrived, a palpable tension seemed to fill the room. Peach's demeanor appeared subdued as she greeted her husband, her usual vivacity replaced by a flatness that was impossible to miss. Despite her efforts to maintain a facade of normalcy, there was a subtle air of discomfort that hung around her like a heavy shroud.

Rory observed silently as Peach's husband enveloped her in a tight embrace, a gesture meant to offer comfort but seemingly unable to dispel the unease that lingered between them. As they exchanged hushed words, Rory couldn't help but notice the strained expressions that flitted across their faces, betraying the underlying turmoil beneath the surface.

Finally, Peach and her visitor made their way towards the security doors, their footsteps echoing softly against the sterile hallway. Rory watched as they disappeared into the awaiting elevator, their departure marking the end of an encounter fraught with unspoken tension and unresolved emotions.

Left in the wake of their departure, Rory couldn't shake the feeling of unease that settled over him. It was clear that there were issues simmering beneath the surface, hidden from view but palpable in the atmosphere they left behind. And as he pondered the complexities of human relationships, Rory couldn't help but wonder about the secrets and struggles that lay hidden

behind closed doors.

Rory went to the kitchen to get some cranberry juice. Later he was in the seating area when he saw Peach return with her visitor. They said goodbye and Peach's husband left by the elevator. Peach came over and sat across from Rory.

"I had to use some blue beams today," Peach exclaimed.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Rory replied. "I've had to do that too at times. It doesn't feel good but sometimes is necessary. I always try and make them as purple as possible though."

"Yah, it seems unavoidable sometimes," Peach said before getting up and walking to her room.

As days turned into weeks, Rory's resilience and determination remained steadfast in the face of his ongoing recovery journey. Despite the slow progress, he could feel his body gradually healing, each day bringing a small improvement in the functionality of his weakened arm. Specialist doctors made regular visits, conducting thorough tests and scans to monitor his progress and adjust his treatment plan accordingly. Changes in medications were made in hopes of facilitating his recovery further.

However, the monotony of the daily routine began to take its toll on Rory's spirits. The constant cycle of treatments, therapies, and medical evaluations weighed heavily on him, threatening to dampen his resolve. Yet, amidst the challenges, Rory found solace in his inner strength and resilience. He focused his energies on harnessing the power of positive thinking, using his imagination to conjure up visions of vibrant purple beams enveloping him in a protective cocoon of resilience.

With each passing day, Rory's determination to overcome his circumstances grew stronger. Despite the setbacks and frustrations, he refused to succumb

to despair. Instead, he channeled his energy into visualizing a brighter future, one where he would emerge from his confinement stronger and more resilient than ever before. And in those moments of uncertainty, Rory found comfort in the belief that his unwavering optimism would eventually lead him to freedom.

One morning four patients gathered in the lounge area waiting to go for a morning walk with a rec worker. Peach and Rory sat with a couple of others when Agent Andrea sat down with them.

"Hey Andrea," said Rory. "Are you coming for the walk or are you still an escapee risk?" he joked.

Suddenly Agent Andrea burst into tears and got up and walked away back to her room.

"Fuck!" said Rory. "I really fucked that up didn't I?"

"Yah, I guess so. She'll get over it. Just give it time," replied Peach.

The group left for their morning walk, eager to soak in the fresh air and the gentle breeze by the sea wall. As they strolled, the sound of crashing waves accompanied their footsteps, creating a serene ambiance that lifted their spirits. The salty scent of the ocean filled their lungs, invigorating them with each breath.

Rory, in particular, found solace in the familiar sights and sounds of the outdoors. As he walked alongside his companions, memories of past summer strolls flooded his mind. He remembered the warmth of the sun on his skin, the laughter shared with friends, and the sense of freedom that came with each step.

Despite their brief excursion, the time spent outdoors was revitalizing for all. As they made their way back to the hospital, a sense of calmness settled

over them, carrying them through the rest of the day. For Rory, the morning walk served as a gentle reminder of the joys found in simple pleasures and the healing power of nature.

Back on the ward, Rory walked near the laundry room where Andrea was doing laundry.

Rory approached Andrea with sincerity. "Hey Andrea, I owe you an apology. When I was joking earlier, I thought I was using purple beams with a hint of blue. But seeing you hurt made me realize they were actually blue. I would never purposefully use blue beams on you. I just wanted to make sure you knew that."

"Thank you, Rory! That really means a lot to me," Andrea replied warmly.

Rory sat in the seating area that afternoon, sipping from a cup of water. The room buzzed faintly with the hum of overhead lights, his mind wandering aimlessly until Dr. Dixon appeared beside him.

"I'd like to see you now, Rory. Could you come with me?" Dr. Dixon asked, his tone calm yet commanding.

Rory glanced up, blinking. "Sure, Doctor."

He rose and followed Dr. Dixon down the hallway, the polished floor reflecting their footsteps. The doctor opened the door to his office, motioning for Rory to enter. Rory stepped inside, closing the door behind him.

Dr. Dixon settled into his chair and folded his hands neatly on the desk. "So, Rory, how are you feeling today?"

Rory shrugged, leaning back slightly. "I'm good... I think."

The doctor's gaze sharpened, but his tone remained measured. "And Mr.

Blue? Are you still seeing him?"

Rory hesitated, a flicker of something unreadable crossing his face before he answered, "No. Mr. Blue was just part of the... episode I was having." His voice was steady, but the words felt rehearsed.

Dr. Dixon raised an eyebrow, his pen tapping lightly on the desk. "I see. And what about the blue beams? Do you still see those?"

Rory shook his head, the corner of his mouth twitching. "No, blue beams don't exist. I get that now." The words came out a little too quickly, too polished. Rory was careful with his rehearsed response.

The doctor leaned forward slightly. "And the purple beams? Are they still there?"

A wry smile crept onto Rory's face. "Yeah, I still see purple beams. Actually, I can see them coming off of you right now." His tone was playful, but his eyes lingered on Dr. Dixon.

The doctor chuckled, his grin flashing bright. "Well, Rory, I think we've made excellent progress. I'm recommending your discharge."

Rory's eyebrows shot up. "Really? So I'm released? Just like that?"

"Yes," Dr. Dixon said, nodding with certainty. "I believe you're no longer a danger to yourself. You've worked hard, and I wish you all the best moving forward."

Rory exhaled, the tension in his shoulders easing. "Thank you, Dr. Dixon. Really, thank you."

The doctor stood, extending his hand. "Take care of yourself, Rory."

Rory got up and shook his hand firmly, offering a genuine smile as he left

the office, the door clicking shut behind him.

Rory had spent a month in the psychiatric ward before his release. It felt like an eternity, confined and separated from his freedom. As he gathered his belongings and passed through the security door one final time, Rory couldn't help but smile. Finally, he was going home. Despite the challenges, his arm was slowly regaining function, sparking hope that one day it would fully recover.

The Awakened and the Asleep:

A Reflection on Consciousness and Awareness

In the realm of human existence, there is a profound difference between those who are awakened and those who remain asleep.

The awakened individuals are those who possess a heightened sense of awareness and consciousness. These individuals are introspective, constantly questioning, learning, and evolving. Their awakening often stems from a deep inner journey, characterized by introspection, self-discovery, and spiritual exploration.

The asleep are characterized by a lack of awareness and consciousness. They navigate life on autopilot, driven by habit, routine, and societal expectations. Their perception of reality is clouded by distractions, illusions, and superficial pursuits.

The awakened are often elites and in positions of power understanding hidden truths about the world that we live in. These individuals are able to coexist and collaborate with each other with the knowledge that they can protect each other through their shared understanding of the way the world works.

The asleep make up the majority of the population. Unfortunately they are unaware of the systems that govern our existence. They will be easily swayed into embracing a political affiliation believing that their side is right and just and that their opposition is unjust and false. In the end their efforts are concentrated on adjusting deck chairs on a sinking ship when they should be focusing on the bigger issues of living in a corrupted system.

Just FYI, this is pretty fundamentally important, guys.

-Rory Pendleton

Rory got out of the cab at his apartment, a bag of clothes in his left arm barely able to hold it up with a shaking paralyzed bicep. He walked up to the door and flashed his key fob at the sensor opening up the front door with a buzz. He walked slowly inside the lobby and into the elevator. He got off on the fourth floor and gazed down the hall towards Teddy's apartment. Teddy had moved out into a house with his wife Rory had been told. It gave Rory a feeling of relief.

Opening his front door he walked into his apartment. It felt like the dream of a life that was already dead. He put his clothes away and sank onto the couch. The apartment was tidy, all organized and neat thanks to Anne as she had gone through and cleaned the entire apartment and organized everything into tidy bags. The television was not hooked up anymore and would remain this way.

Rory was off television and movies for good. They represented a world that no longer existed for him. Rory went to the grocery store for some provisions. When he returned back he got a text message from George. He put his shoes on and headed down for a smoke with his good friend whom he hadn't seen for three months.

George was outside waiting for him with a subdued smile. "Hey, buddy! how are you doing?"

Rory said "I'm great! It's good to be back!" Rory pulled out his cigarette package and pulled out a smoke with his right hand. He held a lighter and pulled his left arm up by the wrist in order to light his cigarette. "Got to do things a little differently now buddy. I got a gangled arm," he joked.

"I'm just glad to have you back, Rory. You gave me one hell of a scare with your little stunt. I thought I lost you." Tears welled up in his eyes. The two

smoked a cigarette and stood there catching up for twenty minutes.

When Rory got back upstairs he sank into his couch. His mind suddenly stirred with memories coming flooding back. The UAP whistleblowers, congress, Roswell, Bob Lazar, COVID, Teddy. He was pissed off. Most of his anger was focused on Mr. Blue. "I'm going to get you fucker!" Rory thought.

Rory unpacked his laptop and plugged in his stylus and tablet. Opening an illustration app he began to draw. He drew a circle, Then a smile, three dots for eyes, two pointed ears, and a pair of antennae. Mr. Blue. You mother fucker. Underneath he typed out the words. "Stay purple my friends!" Rory saved the image on his hard drive and uploaded it to an online custom t-shirt store where anyone could pay for the image to be printed on a shirt. Shots fired. Fuck you.

Then Rory spent the next few hours making a website for his movie project. He made poster art with the title: Book Theory Blue and the words: Mr. Blue loves you but hates when you are happy. The only option left is to shine your Purple Beams! He put links to his Twitter account, a synopsis of the basic concepts of the film, a fantasy casting list of celebrities chosen for strategic reasons, and links to the t-shirt store website. Shots fired. Fuck you.

What began as a suicide attempt was now a kamikaze mission to take down Mr. Blue using purple beams.

Rory laid down on his couch. His mind wandered through the information he had accumulated and all the leads in this paranormal investigation. Thoughts stirred as he fell into a dream.

1930s

Nazis through a study of occult practices make contact with demonic entities. Make agreements for technological advancement.

1940s

Through operation paperclip, nazi scientists and technology are taken to the United States. Crashed discs in America lead to more research and development on recreating UFO tech.

1950s

Project Blue Book is set up to study UFO encounters and reports. The entire project's goal is to debunk UFO sightings and to mislead the public consciousness, and affect the structure of unreality.

1980s

Bob Lazar is let go from Area 51 and turns whistleblower, leaking information about the technology being reverse-engineered for military applications.

1990s

Another employee of Area 51 turns whistleblower, telling of the presence of Extradimensional beings infiltrating the higher levels of government. Skin things in control essentially.

2020s

By this time, Skin things are everywhere. The CIA cannot tell the difference between a human being and one of them. It's not unrealistic to assume these things have control of most governments and media.

2023

UAP and UFO whistleblowers testify before congress. The news of this event is completely swept clean by the integrity of unreality.

2024

Miami mall incident. Extradimensional beings cross over into our reality being witnessed by dozens of people. Unreality is very effective in erasing this from the public view.

In the following week, Rory found himself immersed in his creative process, channeling his fascination with UFO disclosure into crafting t-shirt designs. Each graphic he uploaded bore the imprint of his theories and phrases, all intricately tied to Book theory blue. Yet, amidst his creative fervor, Rory couldn't shake off a nagging sense of unease.

As he glanced around his neighborhood, he noticed a peculiar shift in the atmosphere. Those who had once been fervently discussing UFO disclosures and delving into the depths of conspiracy theories now seemed oddly subdued, their enthusiasm waning. It was as if a veil had been drawn over their eyes, obscuring the truths they had so eagerly embraced just months before.

Rory pondered over this phenomenon, grappling with the unsettling notion that the very same individuals who had been awakened to the mysteries of the universe were now slipping back into a state of obliviousness. How could this be? What forces were at play to lull them back into complacency? The answer was clear to Rory. Unreality. Fucking unreality.

A few months passed and fall became winter. Rory's back had begun to improve slowly and his arm regained much function. Rory was outside one day having a cigarette when Anne walked up from across the street towards him.

"Hey bud!" Anne exclaimed, "Have you ever heard of Project Blue Beam?"

"I don't know. What do you know about it?" Rory responded.

"Somebody I work with was talking about it and I thought of your purple and blue beams." Anne remarked, "They said it was some government conspiracy that was going to take a bunch of back engineered UFOs and blow up a bunch of cities in a fake alien attack or a fake rapture or something."

Rory responded playfully. "Well, that sounds like a pretty blue beam to me."

Anne looked at Rory and squinted. "Is that what purple beams are about?"

Rory confessed. "When I was sick I thought that I needed some way to get the message out. A way to communicate that the only thing that can defeat negativity is positivity. If they tried to pull a maneuver like Project Blue Beam I wanted a way that people could realize that If we all stand together we cannot be controlled. A purple beam is the only thing that can defeat a blue beam, even if it is Project Blue Beam, or a media deception, a false flag attack, a propaganda campaign."

Anne shot Rory a sober look and inquired. "What is going on? Is any of this real?"

Rory replied, "I don't know. All I know is that UFOs exist and we are being denied the truth."

Rory continued, "In a global 1939 Germany-type situation, I would make a website for a fake movie to pass underground messages. I would make t-shirts that lead people back to the website. I would make a Twitter account that links to important evidence of the cover-up and control mechanism of tyranny. I would resist. I would raise awareness. I would shine a purple beam and never turn it off."

Anne remarked to Rory, "You do know you're fucking crazy right?"

Rory smiled and looked Anne in the eyes. "Oh, yeah, I definitely know that."

Book Theory Blue. Shots fired. Fuck you.

Appendix: More on Book Theory. The following materials expand on the ideas and theories presented in “Book Theory Blue: or how I learned to stop worrying and love the Blue Beam.”

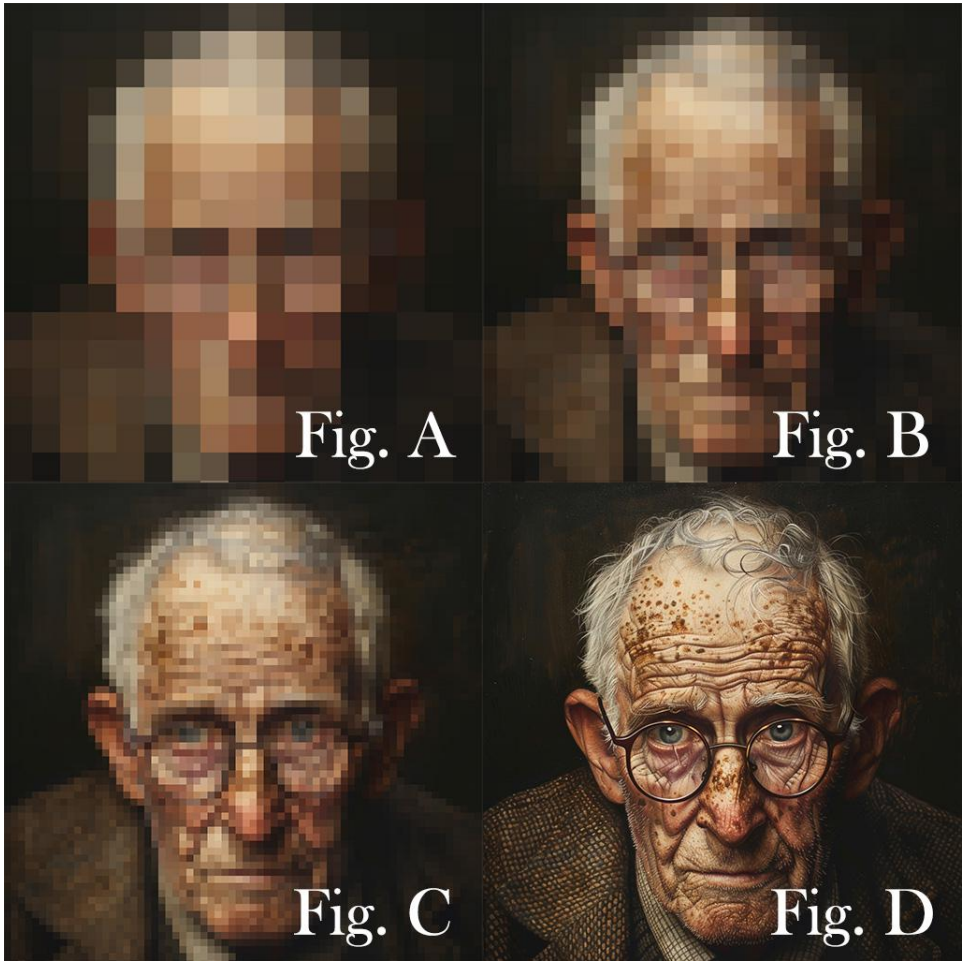
Time: The Slide Projector Theory

Reality, as we experience it, may unfold much like a slideshow, with each moment appearing frame by frame, similar to slides in a projector. This idea draws from the concept of "Planck time," the smallest indivisible unit of temporal experience, rooted in quantum physics. According to this perspective, every event in time is a discrete instance, with the present moment—the "now"—being the frame currently projected. Past and future moments are stacked like slides in a reel, all existing simultaneously, though we perceive them one at a time due to the fundamental limit imposed by Planck time.

This succession of moments creates the illusion of continuity, much like motion in film is an illusion created by rapidly advancing still images. The “flow” of time we experience is simply our perception moving through these discrete moments, rather than time being a fluid, unbroken phenomenon.

This idea resonates with certain interpretations of quantum mechanics, which suggest that all moments of time might be interconnected or entangled. It also aligns with the view of time in relativity, where time, like space, is just another dimension. From this vantage point, all events—past, present, and future—coexist, with our consciousness moving through them like a needle tracking across a record.

This metaphor of time as a slideshow suggests that our experience of reality is not the whole picture but rather a limited interpretation of a deeper, more complex reality. It opens the possibility that consciousness itself plays a role in selecting or perceiving these frames of existence, hinting at a mysterious connection between mind and the fabric of time. This blend of science and metaphysics encourages us to rethink our experience of the present moment, inviting us to consider whether time is something we move through—or if time is something that moves through us.



Understanding reality: Objective truth and the man with freckles

Objective reality serves as the foundation of our subjective experiences. In this framework, our perceptions and interpretations are limited by our senses, cognitive biases, and the tools we use to measure and understand the world.

While we may strive to get closer to objective reality through scientific inquiry, experimentation, and accumulating evidence, there are inherent limitations to our knowledge and understanding. These limitations are due

to factors like:

- **Sensory Limitations:** Our senses can only detect a limited range of stimuli (e.g., visible light, audible sound frequencies).
- **Cognitive Biases:** Our thought processes are influenced by biases that can distort our understanding.
- **Measurement Tools:** The tools and instruments we use have their own limitations and can only measure certain aspects of reality.
- **Language and Communication:** The way we describe and communicate our observations can never fully capture the complexity of the phenomena we study.

To illustrate this concept further, in the above diagram of the man with freckles, you can imagine that a picture is taken (Fig. A) and it depicts what may be a person. It is deduced by one subject that it may be a picture of an old man with freckles. Many theories may float around that it is really a young man with clear complexion. With greater samples (Fig. B) we can begin to see that it is indeed a man that seems to indicate an older age but with no evidence of freckles. With more samples yet (Fig. C) we can see with greater clarity that it is indeed an old man with the appearance of freckles. But we must always be aware that it is not the underlying reality we are seeing (Fig. D) but merely a derivative sampling of the objective truth.

Thus, the pursuit of knowledge is an ongoing process of refining our understanding, recognizing the provisional nature of our theories, and continually seeking better ways to approximate the objective reality that underlies our subjective experiences.



Understanding reality: Objective reality and the fourth apple problem

Reconciling objective and subjective reality is a problem that can be resolved like this. Your subjective reality is constructed by your mind to build a model of the universe that you use to interact with to achieve a desired result. Your subjective reality is based off of an objective reality that does exist but is sampled by our senses to rebuild the model for reality in your mind so you are never seeing objective reality directly.

You can think of what most people understand to be objective reality is like a movie playing on a screen. You can clearly see the photo real experience playing out in front of you and believe that it is objectively real. Actually, you can only see what is projected onto the screen and not the movie set itself. The complete objective truth can never be achieved because of the limited perspectives we hold.

For example we can imagine three observers looking at a table with three apples on its surface. The first observer sees all three apples and says

subjectively there are three apples no more. The second observer sees the same three apples and when they compare their subjective results they agree that objectively there are three apples.

The problem is illuminated when the third observer sees that there is a wall behind the apples with a corner that the first two observers cannot see past. The third observer sees that behind the corner is revealed from his perspective a fourth apple. Now we have a problem with the assertion that we can ever see objective reality.

We never observe objective reality. Never have, never will. All is subjective reality and the reality we agree upon is a collective subjective reality. In fact there is a filter between subjective reality and objective reality. This is the official narrative of objectivity. This narrative filter is called unreality.

Often unreality will clearly state that there are three apples and three apples only. Do not be easily deceived and keep a lookout for a fourth apple.

To finish if subjective reality is an illusion in your mind, is objective reality an illusion in the mind of God?

Book Theory Blue: About Mr. Blue

Mr. Blue is the name given to an extradimensional force or entity that has influence over our societies on planet Earth. Mr. Blue will corrupt any system he can in order to drive our world into chaos and disruption. This entity does not want to kill us but rather to make us suffer in an ever increasing rate. In a way Mr. Blue loves us but hates when we are happy.

Mr. Blue may be a singular entity or a group of beings existing in some extradimensional plane of existence overlapping our physical reality. However it works, this force or entity feeds off of our lower vibrational energies and gains power from doing so. Because of this Mr. Blue is constantly finding new ways of driving us into a place of misery and sorrow.

In order to combat something of this nature, there is only one option left to us. If you get angry at this being it feeds. If you try to build a weapon against it, it will feed. All we have left as human beings is to attempt to raise our vibrational frequency towards positive vibes. Help out the people we encounter when safe and appropriate, and try to stay positive no matter what happens to us.

In conclusion, the best and only approach this problem is with Purple Beams of positivity. Project your Purple Beams into the universe and see what happens next.

More on Book Theory

Your life is a book. All the events of your life shape the characters and story of the book. Your conscious experience is simply the experience of paging through the book from beginning to end with God being the author of the story. Within the context of the book of your life, The characters have the illusion of free will in much the same way you can imagine Harry having free will in the context of the Harry Potter novel.

When we step back outside of space-time we can see that the book has been written in its entirety and we can see that the whole volume is complete. This paradox exists between determinism and free will.

As it states in some religious texts, In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. Just as computers use compression to optimize performance and simplify programming, God also uses a similar compression in the creation of the universe. Everything in creation can be described by using words like tree and grass, hill and path, etc. etc. and your awareness fills in the details with imagination. In much the same way, a page in your book can be used to create the subjective experience of your reality.

Your consciousness can be thought of as the awareness that you are you, as it experiences the narrative of your subjective reality, but really you are just like a person sitting in a darkened theatre being lost in the movie on the screen forgetting that you are sitting in a chair.

Just as a square is a two-dimensional representation of a three-dimensional cube, a page in your book is a two-dimensional representation of the multidimensional experience of your reality. Our reality encompasses the illusion of sensory input, emotions, interactions, and the depth of experiences that make up our lives.

Each page in the book of our lives may capture a slice of that multidimensional reality, but the full depth and richness extend far beyond the confines of any single representation. Just as a cube contains multiple squares, our reality contains countless moments and dimensions that contribute to the tapestry of our existence. In book theory, Imagination fills in the details and makes reality whole.

The Fading Radiance: A Reflection on the Disappearance of Purple Beams in Television Broadcasting

Introduction: In the dawn of the new millennium, a metaphorical shift occurred in the realm of television broadcasting, marked by the introduction of a blue beam that gradually eclipsed the once vibrant hues of purple. This essay explores the narrative of this transformation, tracing the evolution of television broadcasts from a landscape suffused with positivity to one dominated by the shadows of negativity and manipulation.

The Emergence of Blue Beam: In the year 2000, a subtle but significant change swept across television screens worldwide as the blue beam made its debut. Initially, its presence may have gone unnoticed, overshadowed by the prevailing radiance of purple beams. However, with each passing year, the influence of the blue beam grew more pronounced, exerting a subtle yet pervasive influence on the content and tone of television broadcasts.

The Erosion of Purple Radiance: As the blue beam gained ascendancy, the once vibrant hues of purple began to fade, relegated to the periphery of television programming. The gradual erosion of purple radiance mirrored a broader shift in societal discourse, characterized by a growing prevalence of negativity, cynicism, and sensationalism in media coverage. Genuine positivity gave way to manufactured controversy, authenticity succumbed to sensationalism, and empathy yielded to divisiveness.

The Impact on Society: The diminishing presence of purple beams in television broadcasting had profound implications for society at large. With the erosion of genuine positivity, viewers were subjected to a steady diet of negativity, fear-mongering, and polarizing rhetoric. The pervasive influence of the blue beam perpetuated cycles of cynicism, distrust, and apathy, undermining social cohesion and exacerbating divisions within communities.

Navigating the Shadows: In the absence of purple radiance, individuals grappled with the challenge of navigating the shadows cast by the dominant influence of the blue beam. Faced with a media landscape saturated with negativity and manipulation, discerning viewers sought refuge in alternative sources of information, turning to independent journalism, community-driven platforms, and grassroots movements in pursuit of authenticity and truth.

Rekindling the Purple Glow: While the prevalence of blue beams may have obscured the radiance of purple in television broadcasting, the essence of positivity and resilience endures within the human spirit. As stewards of our collective narrative, we have the power to rekindle the purple glow, reclaiming the airwaves as a beacon of hope, inspiration, and genuine connection. By supporting media outlets that prioritize authenticity and integrity, fostering constructive dialogue, and amplifying voices of positivity and empowerment, we can usher in a new era where purple beams once again illuminate the path forward.

Conclusion: The disappearance of purple beams from television broadcasting serves as a sobering reminder of the power and responsibility inherent in shaping our media landscape. As we reflect on this evolution, let us recommit ourselves to fostering a media ecosystem that celebrates the vibrancy of purple, uplifts the human spirit, and fosters genuine connection and understanding. In doing so, we can harness the transformative power of positivity to illuminate our collective journey toward a brighter, more hopeful future.

Understanding reality: Paradigm Theory

Everything you perceive to be True or False equates to a Paradigm in your mind. The idea that our beliefs are shaped by paradigms is certainly a compelling one. Paradigms, in this context, can be seen as the overarching frameworks or models through which we interpret and understand the world around us. These paradigms are influenced by various factors such as culture, upbringing, education, personal experiences, and so forth.

It's true that our beliefs often align with the paradigms we hold, as these paradigms serve as the lenses through which we filter and make sense of information. However, it's also important to acknowledge that paradigms can shift and evolve over time. New experiences, knowledge, or exposure to different perspectives can challenge and potentially alter existing paradigms.

So while paradigms do play a significant role in shaping our beliefs and understanding of the universe, it's not necessarily the case that they are fixed or immutable. Our minds have a remarkable capacity for adaptation and growth, allowing us to continually refine and expand our paradigms as we encounter new information and experiences.

When one core paradigm you hold to be true shifts unexpectedly it can have a ripple effect throughout your entire paradigm network. These catastrophic shifts are often uncomfortable and shocking and leaves oneself with a problem reconciling the new alignment. So it seems many would instead strongly resist these paradigm shifts out of self preservation instinct. You can see this effect in heated debates where neither side is able to concede that they may be on the wrong side of the facts of the matter in justifying

their views.

In essence if someone has a similar paradigm network they are more likely to align with you and forge a similar perspective on your commonly held viewpoints. The reverse is also true, unless we are prepared to lose a paradigm that fits in very well with our whole worldview, we cannot grow and flourish against opposition viewpoints.

The dots are all there.

All you need to do is connect them.